

"HUNTING" LITVINOFF FROM DENMARK

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

MR. ASQUITH AT PAISLEY.



Mr. Asquith, with Mrs. Asquith (right) and his daughter, Lady Bonham Carter (left), at Paisley, where the ex-Premier has begun his big political fight with an address to the Liberal Association. Mrs. Asquith and Lady Bonham Carter also spoke.

"MISSING."



Mrs. Harzold, a young German woman, who is searching for the English husband she married fourteen years ago. Her husband's disappearance was reported to Germany, but after the war no trace of him.



Mr. Harzold, who is being sought by his German wife. She has now an offer of marriage from a German, but she is unable to marry until his real position in England is definitely defined.

PORTIA'S BOND.



Mrs. Thomson, of Tewkesbury, one of the first women to be admitted to Lincoln's Inn, leaving after signing her bond there yesterday. Before long there will be few new worlds left for woman to conquer.

K.C. AGAIN ATTACKED.



Sergeant Sullivan, K.C., who was fired at yesterday when travelling to Tralee to give evidence regarding the attack made on him at Tralee on January 9. Sergeant Sullivan escaped injury, but a detective was injured.

CRIME MYSTERY AT CORNISH FARMHOUSE.

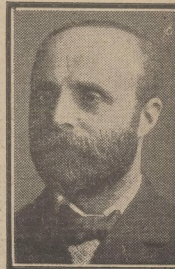


The little farmhouse near the Cornish mining village at Chacewater, in the front garden of which the residents, John Charles Hoare, a small farmer and dealer, aged fifty-seven, and Laura Sara, described as his housekeeper, were found severely injured and unconscious, both dying shortly afterwards. The woman was lying in her night attire near the front door.

NOTABLE NEWS PORTRAITS.



Lena Winter, aged eleven, commended by Judge and jury at London Sessions for detective work and evidence in a St. Pancras shopbreaking case.



Mr. John W. Gulland, late Chief Liberal Whip, whose death at Manchester closes a remarkable political career. He became Chief Liberal Whip in 1915.

LIBEL VERDICT FOR LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

Sequel to Letter Complaining of "Pitiful Spite."

'NO JURY WOULD CONVICT'

Counsel's Questions About Book That Publishers Banned.

A summons against Lord Alfred Douglas for an alleged malicious libel on Mr. Henry Savage, of South Kensington, was dismissed at the Mansion House yesterday.

Mr. L. H. Cannot, on behalf of the complainant, said Mr. Savage was a journalist, and Lord Alfred Douglas was also connected with journalism.

In the *Bookman's Journal*, which was edited by Mr. W. G. Partington, of December 5, 1919, Mr. Savage contributed an article under the title of "A Bookman's Lost Atlantis." It would appear that a marked copy of the paper was sent to Lord Alfred, who addressed to Mr. Partington the letter complaining of, containing the following statements:

"I take it that I am indebted to the author of the article, 'A Bookman's Lost Atlantis,' for this exhibition of pitiful pointless spite.

You may be interested to hear, if you do not know already, that the book which your engaging contribution calls 'a certain Wildeana book' was withdrawn from circulation after I had lodged a complaint, through my solicitors, with Scotland Yard about it.

Counsel for Lord Alfred Douglas read extracts from the article, "A Bookman's Lost Atlantis," including allusion to one of Oscar Wilde's books. He asked Mr. Partington whether he would describe a book of that character as obscene.

"I HAVE NOT READ IT."

Witness Who Was "Familiar with a Book as a Classic."

Witness: I have not read it, but I am familiar with it as a classic.

Counsel alluded to the following passage from the article: "Wildana book, with a verbatim account of the author's trial, prefaced by articles by Lord Alfred Douglas and others."

Pressed on the point, witness said he considered that a book containing a verbatim account of the trial of Oscar Wilde would be an obscene book, and he admitted he would not like it to have been stated that such a book had been written with a preface by him.

Counsel: Do you consider this obviously obscene book a subject for discussion in your journal?—It is merely a passing reference. I saw no objection to the matter in the form that it is.

Mr. Comyns Carr referred witness to certain poems which had been written by Mr. Savage, and asked witness: "If you had known that Mr. Savage had published these poems would you have engaged him as a contributor?"

Witness replied that it was difficult to say. The Lord Mayor: I have made up my mind about this. I take it no jury would convict if I referred it to another court, therefore I dismiss the summons.

OUR DAILY PAYING.

Why Wool Is Dear—Milk To Be Cheaper, Fish Possibly Dearer.

Of the causes which have contributed to the present high price of the following are enumerated by the Committee of Inquiry, whose findings were published yesterday, as the most important.

Demand is greatly in excess of supply.

Transport delay accentuates the difficulty.

Milk trade representatives were in conference at the Food Ministry yesterday. The producers recommended a reduction of 4d. per gallon for February, which would be on condition that the dealers pass the reduction on to the public. The dealers agreed on condition that the retail price should not exceed 11d. per quart.

Fish, in some kinds, may be dearer as the result of a conference between the Food Controller and the trawler owners. Control may be withdrawn after Lent.

MUNICIPAL ENTENTE.

Paris Councillors on Visit to London as Guests of the L.C.C.

Headed by M. Adrien Oudin, the president, a party of members of the Paris Municipal Council are due to arrive in London this morning as the guests of the London County Council.

The visit is to last until Friday, and the party will be afforded opportunities for making a thorough inspection of the intricacies of London's municipal government.

FOUR DEAD IN FILM STUDIO FIRE.

A fire broke out last evening in the St. Denis suburb of Paris at a film studio, and four workers were burned to death.

The fire, which destroyed considerable material damage, is attributed to the negligence of a smoker.—Central News.

'LADY OF THE BATH.'

Divorce Court Story of Wife's Costume at Fancy Dress Ball.

DECREE FOR HUSBAND.

That she went to a fancy-dress ball as "The Lady of the Bath" was stated by Mrs. Williams, wife of Mr. Philip Ewart Williams, formerly an officer in the Army, who was yesterday granted a decree nisi in the Divorce Court.

Commander Peile was cited as co-respondent, and Mr. Cotes Preedy, who appeared on his behalf, said the case was not told in tell Billy (petitioner) anything if he starts asking questions.

Mr. Williams stated that soon after their marriage in 1918 trouble arose because his wife made promiscuous male acquaintances. She also assaulted witness on several occasions. Then she went off, saying she and her wish to see him again, but later begged forgiveness and rejoined him.

In April last he found a letter which his wife had sent to a Mrs. Osborn, saying: "Just a hurried line to tell you not to tell Billy (petitioner) anything if he starts asking questions. For God's sake be careful. He is going to divorce me, and is bringing Commander Peile in as co-respondent. But I am going to deny everything."

Mrs. Annie Osborn, of Earl's Court, said Mrs. Williams stayed with her, and early last year went to a fancy-dress ball as "The Lady of the Bath." Next morning co-respondent came downstairs, and Mr. Williams was sitting on the bedside while respondent was in bed.

A MODERN SAMSON.

Collier's Remarkable Feat with Railway Station Automatic Machine.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PRESTON, Tuesday. A remarkable feat of strength led to the appearance at the police-court to-day of Harry Taylor (twenty-two) and George Chaburn (twenty-one), colliers, of Ashington, Marketfield, charged with wilful damage at the Central Railway Station.

At midnight, it was stated, the men were riding a bicycle round the station platform, and when stopped Chaburn wrenched an automatic switch machine from its fastenings and carried it round the station, but finding the machine eventually too heavy, he let it drop, and it was smashed to pieces, the sweets being scattered over the platform.

Chaburn said that coming from Wigan they had a dispute regarding the weight of automatic machines, and he was anxious to try his strength. Each was fined 10s., and Chaburn, who had £47 on him when arrested, was ordered to pay £5 damage.

LOCAL CURRENCY NOTES.

Chancellor of the Exchequer Unlikely to Entertain Idea, Says M.P.

Will municipal corporations be permitted to issue local currency notes?

This interesting question arises out of the report that the Wigan Town Council has authorised its finance committee to consider the subject.

The proposal is that the notes should be issued on the security of the rates for financing, without interest, house building and other undertakings which are of urgent necessity to the well-being of the people.

"I don't think the proposal is likely to materialise," a well-known member of Parliament told *The Daily Mirror* last night.

At present, the proposal involves such an important change in our financial arrangements is certain to provoke the most determined opposition, and I shall be greatly surprised if the Chancellor of the Exchequer entertains the idea."

AT BAY AT THE WINDOWS.

Farmer Who Alleges He Was Ejected "Neck and Crop."

Alleged to have been thrown "neck and crop" out of a barn, the tenancy of which he declined to give up unless he were paid £1,150 compensation for disturbance and loss and damages, John Smith, now of Ayr, sued Alfred G. Taylor and Allan Ansell, both of Guildford, for damages for trespass and assault, in Mr. Justice Darling's court in the King's Bench Division yesterday.

Taylor had sold the farm to Ansell, and Mr. Gernans, counsel for plaintiff, described the negotiations undertaken at an agreement under which Smith would give up the tenancy, and said no definite agreement was ever come to.

Plaintiff, in his evidence, described how the men, brought by Taylor, tried forcibly to enter the house by breaking the windows and turning the catches. He drove them first from the kitchen window and then from the dining-room window. The hearing was adjourned.

BODY TIED UP IN A CARPET.

A body has been recovered from the Seine between Asnières and Saint Ouen. It was wrapped in a carpet tied up with leather reins.

The body was horribly mutilated by bullet and hatchet wounds, says Reuter. Investigation is being made, and it is believed to have been a trap by a woman and murdered by Apaches for his money.

TORN-UP LETTERS.

Man Now in Asylum Cited As Co-respondent in Divorce.

LOVE FROM "NIBS."

A curious question regarding the legal position of a madman cited as co-respondent in a divorce case was raised in the Divorce Court yesterday before Mr. Justice McCardie.

The petitioner, Albert Richard Whiting, solicitor's clerk, of Bath, asked for the dissolution of his marriage on the ground of the alleged misconduct of his wife with the co-respondent, Harry G. Botwinch.

The respondent denied misconduct, counter-claiming that the petitioner was a lunatic, which was denied and asked for a judicial separation. Co-respondent, who was said to be in a lunatic asylum, did not appear.

Counsel opened the case as against the wife only, and read letters which the husband said he found torn up addressed to the wife, "under an assumed name" from the co-respondent.

One read: "I love you, dearest, and I . . . to be with you always. Forgive me, sweetheart. . . . Tuesday if you . . . my room for . . . night. Feeling so tired. . . . Love and thousand k . . . and heaps of love. . . . Believe me, ever yours, Nibs." The hearing was adjourned.

MINERS AND PREMIER.

Men at Downing-Street To-day—Another Wages Demand?

To-day the Miners' Executive meet the Premier at Downing-street. The nationalisation issue is not to be directly discussed, the platform campaign being still in progress, but the questions of coal prices, limitation of owners' profits, shortage of domestic coal, export policy and the cost of living will be raised.

The executive will probably also lay stress on the fact that the federation is faced with demands from South Wales and other centres for a further increase in wages.

"ROUND-CORNER" HOUSES

Homes Fitted with Glass-Shelved Larders and Gardens That Bloom in Winter.

That the "ideal home" is no longer a dream, but a practical reality, a visit to the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia, which opens on February 4, will prove.

Novel features in these ideal homes are "rounded corners," damp-proof floors, glass-shelved larders, enamelled cooking utensils and a trades-delivery hatch, this last enabling tradespeople to deliver goods without so much as ringing a bell. The only coal used is for one anthracite furnace, which heats the entire house and provides hot water.

Another feature of the exhibition will be the "Miracle Garden," in which peas, potatoes, beans, etc., will bloom as though in June.

LOST—A HUSBAND.

Young German Woman's Search for Missing Englishman—New Offer of Marriage.

A young German woman's search for her missing husband engaged the attention of Mr. C. G. Collier, the Wilt London magistrate, yesterday.

A Mrs. Fisher, of 41, Goldhawk-road, Shepherd's Bush, said that her brother-in-law, an officer attached to the Intelligence Department at Cologne, had sent the young German to be befriended.

It appeared that thirteen years ago this German woman, Elsie Schmitt, married an Englishman named Harrould.

Mrs. Harrould went to Germany where a child was born, but the war intervened and she had lost trace of him.

Now a German wishing to marry her, but the German authorities refused to sanction such a marriage unless she could produce official proof from England that, according to English law, she could re-marry after so long a desertion by her husband.

CRIME WAVE CRISIS.

Government and Post Office "Hold Ups"—Work of Women Police.

It may be regarded as practically certain, *The Daily Mirror* is informed, that as soon as Parliament reassembles the Government will be asked what special steps they are proposing to take in connection with the outbreak of crime all over the country and more particularly the holding up of post offices.

"During the past six months 250 girls, whose ages ranged from as low as fourteen up to twenty-one, have passed through the hands of the Women Patrols and have been sent to homes, infirmaries, hostels, refuges and shelters," said Mrs. Stanley, superintendent of the Women's Patrols of the Metropolitan Police Force, to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

The crime wave in France, says Reuter. Demands are being made from all parts that the police service should be reinforced.

PROFESSOR'S £1,000 POST.

Professor Samuel Smiles, of Armstrong College, Newcastle, has resigned, to take up an appointment at London University at a salary of £1,000 a year.

MR. ASQUITH AND HIS WAR RECORD.

Denies Shilly-Shallying and Cites Ludendorff.

PAISLEY HECKLERS.

Candidates.—Mr. J. A. D. MacKean (Co. U.), Mr. H. B. Asquith (L.), Mr. J. M. Biggar (Lab.).

Mr. Asquith had a mixed reception at Paisley last night, when he met with some lively heckling. A great ovation, mingled with hissing and booing, greeted the ex-Premier on his entering the hall to address an audience of nearly 2,000.

Mr. Asquith was about to rise when a discharged soldier, who had manacled himself with chains, asked Mr. Asquith if he were going to fulfil his promises to discharged sailors and soldiers.

The man was ejected by the police to the accompaniment of cheers and hisses.

Mr. MacKean, the Coalition candidate, said Mr. Asquith, "had accused him of shilly-shallying, and had said that the war would never have come to end under his (Mr. Asquith's) guidance. He had only to cite Von Ludendorff, who, in his recent book, had shown differently."

ENOUGH OF "FIGHTING."

Mr. Asquith said he had not come to Paisley to fight for the love of fighting's sake. He had experienced enough—more than enough—to satisfy the most combative disposition in his lifetime.

The present House of Commons, he said, was incapable of checking or controlling extravagance.

What was required was an organised, instructed and effective opposition—critical, but constructive.

The Oxford University Liberal Club has sent congratulations to Mr. Asquith on undertaking a splendid and inspiring adventure to uphold Liberalism and restore faith in parliamentary institutions.

Glasgow Liberal Club have unofficially asked Mr. MacKean, the Coalition Unionist, to retire. But Mr. MacKean, satisfied with his reception, and declines to do so. Mr. Biggar, the Labour candidate, is also well pleased with his reception.

NO NATIONALISATION.

Mr. MacKean in his action address opposes military intervention in Russia and nationalisation of industries, which, he said, would turn free workers into State serfs.

Paisley Socialist Party have decided to invite Mr. William Paul, the unsuccessful candidate for the Ince Division, to contest the seat.

The writ for the election is expected on Friday. The date of the nominations will probably be fixed for February 3 and the election on February 12, though the Labour Party desire February 14.

An Ashton Surprise.—Independent Liberals at Ashton-under-Lyne have received a hard knock by the presence on the Coalition platform of Mr. Abel Heywood, a Liberal Club president. Polling is on Saturday.

"FRONT SEAT IN CHURCH."

Court Story of Rector Who "Liked to Look at Soldier's Wife."

From Our Own Correspondent.

DUBLIN, Tuesday.

While no women presented themselves for admission to the Court, a large number waited outside during the hearing of the action brought by a Privy Counsellor, Arthur Fitzgibbon, claiming damages against the Rev. Canon W. L. T. Whatham, rector of Grey Abbey, County Down, for alleged misconduct with plaintiff's wife.

In cross-examination, Mrs. Fitch admitted that she deceived her husband as to her whereabouts on several occasions.

The canon, she said, told her to come to church on Easter Sunday and sit in a front seat, as he would always like to be looking at her.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

To-day's Weather.—Strong southerly or south-westerly winds, veering somewhat and moderating; local showers; becoming colder.

Petitions against Sunday games in parks were presented yesterday to the L.C.C.

World's total tonnage launched last year was 2,358,000 tons more than the record reached in 1913.

Tramway cars are to be "speeded up" in London by abolishing some of the stopping places.

Londoners' Travel.—Passenger journeys in London last year in trams, buses and Tubes totalled 2,900,000,000.

Two daylight jewel robberies, involving £800, occurred yesterday in Nutfield-road, Redhill, and The Hops, Hookwood.

King for Hungary?—Elections seem to show that Hungary will become a monarchy again with a Hapsburg king.—Reuter Vienna message.

The £ reached 3,551 on New York exchange yesterday. Britain's balance-sheet from April 1, 1919, to January 24, 1920, shows: Receipts, £224,655,568; Expenditure, £224,063,200. The figures for the same period in 1918 being, respectively, £598,655,915 and £2,174,542,976.

DRAMA OF NEW DELICATE TALKS WITH LITVINOFF.

Mr. O'Grady's Parleys Endangered by Dogging of Red Envoy by Danish Detectives.

LABOUR M.P. ACTING FOR OTHER ALLIES.

The *Daily Mirror* learns from its Copenhagen correspondent that Mr. James O'Grady, M.P., who is in conference there with M. Litvinoff, the Bolshevik representative, regarding the return of British prisoners, has also been entrusted with delicate negotiations on behalf of the Associated Powers.

The negotiations, however, are seriously imperilled by the Danish authorities, who keep M. Litvinoff surrounded by detectives.

WILL THE CONFERENCE BE GERMANY'S LAST PLEA FOR HER WAR CRIMINALS. MOVED TO SWEDEN?

Hotel Guests' Protest Against Presence of Police.

DETECTIVE IN BATHROOM.

From Our Special Correspondent.
COPENHAGEN, Tuesday.

Unless the Danish authorities adopt a different attitude towards Paul Litvinoff than they have done since he opened his negotiations on behalf of the Soviet Government with Mr. James O'Grady, M.P., I have every authority for saying that these same negotiations will be transferred to Sweden if they are not summarily concluded.

It is not too much to say that Litvinoff is furious at what he regards as unwarrantable conduct on the part of the Danish authorities, who, however, are anxious for the envoy's safety and are taking all steps to see he is safely guarded.

All the principal hotels appealed to the authorities that the Bolshevik envoy should not be quartered upon them.

In these circumstances the Danish Government chose a small hotel, and requested Litvinoff to establish his headquarters there.

He arrived and received a warm and spontaneous welcome from the Danish plain clothes police.

There was a Danish sleuth lurking in every corridor. They paid occasional and unofficial visits to the bedrooms, and one old lady who was staying at the hotel received a severe shock on discovering a very formidable "plain clothes" officer secreted in the bathroom.

ACTING FOR ALLIES.

Mr. O'Grady Also Entrusted with Negotiations for Other Powers.

As a result the guests threatened to leave in a body unless Paul Litvinoff, the object of this police attention, departed elsewhere.

Realising the situation, Litvinoff after great trouble secured another room in another hotel with the help of Mr. O'Grady.

He arrived there only to be welcomed by the same army of detectives who had shadowed his every movement at the other hotel.

The hotel authorities at once refused to accept him as a guest, and the same story was repeated in every detail at other places.

It is perhaps unfortunate that this should have occurred at the present moment, because Mr. O'Grady, with the consent of the British Foreign Office, has been empowered to enter into further delicate negotiations with the Soviet Government of Russia with their representative, Paul Litvinoff, on behalf of various others of the Allied Powers.

When I saw Mr. O'Grady to-day he was still hopeful of bringing his mission to a successful issue.

According to the *Politiken*, quoted by Reuters' correspondent, M. Litvinoff has now secured five rooms at the Hotel Kong Frederik.

Lansbury for Russia.—The same paper reports that Mr. George Lansbury, who has gone to Stockholm on the way to Finland, has, through M. Litvinoff, obtained permission for a long stay in Russia.—*Reuters*.

Moscow's Statement.—A Moscow wireless message, dealing with the negotiations between Mr. O'Grady and M. Litvinoff, states that Mr. O'Grady has elaborated a plan for the conclusion of an understanding with Russia, of which the first step in this direction is the resumption of commercial relations.—*Wireless Press*.

POLES AND BOLSHEVISM.

M. Patek, the Polish Minister, saw Mr. Lloyd George yesterday, and in an interview with *Reuters*, said: "I desired to ascertain exactly the opinion and the position of the British and French Governments towards the question of Bolshevism. Both in Paris and in London the conversations have been characterised by absolute frankness, and I have no doubt as to how the position stands."

Britain and Rumania.—M. Vaida Voevod, Rumanian Premier, will arrive in London to-day.

GERMANY'S LAST PLEA FOR HER WAR CRIMINALS.

Asks Allies to Forgo Surrender of Huns Who Are "Wanted."

"LET US JUDGE THEM!"

The German Government has sent to Paris a Note in which it once more requests the Allies not to require the putting into operation of Article 228 of the Peace Treaty, regarding the surrender of war criminals.

The German Note suggests that the Allies should appoint a German Tribunal, which should judge these criminals. The Allies, says an Exchange message, refuse to accept such a suggestion. The surrender of the guilty is a clause of the Treaty which must be implicitly complied with.

The *Temps*, commenting on this, remarks: "The German newspapers have noisily congratulated Holland on having refused to hand over the ex-Kaiser, and on having thus brought about the nullification of Article 227."

"It is now a question of giving up the following Article, and then there will be no obstacle in the way of making further breaches. The *Jugo-Slavs* Accept.—The *Jugo-Slav* Government has decided by a small majority to accept the Allied ultimatum.

MR. BARNES RESIGNS.

Saw Prime Minister Yesterday—Reasons for Step Not Yet Known.

Mr. George Barnes saw the Premier yesterday and has placed his resignation as a member of the Cabinet in Mr. Lloyd George's hands. His reasons for this step are not at present known. During the Paris negotiations Mr. Barnes was a member of the British Cabinet, and probably he now feels that there is not as much justification as formerly for his retention of an office in which he was practically without power and without responsibilities.

It may be said with confidence, says a news agency, that no further Cabinet changes are expected.

Mr. Barnes' resignation as Minister without portfolio was foreshadowed in Monday's *Daily Mirror*.

World's Labour Chief.—M. Albert Thomas, the French ex-Minister of Munitions, was yesterday elected president of the International Labour Bureau established in accordance with the terms of the League of Nations covenant.—*Reuters*.

DEATH OF "DURDLES."

Reputed Original of Dickens' Character—Served Under Six Deans.

The death occurred at Rochester yesterday of Mr. John Hoadley, retired verger of the Cathedral, at the age of eighty-three.

He had seen six deans at the Cathedral and was fond of recounting recollections of Charles Dickens and his visits to Gads Hill on festive occasions. He was supposed to be the original of Durdles in "Edwin Drood."

Mr. Hoadley was well known to Charles Dickens, who confided to him his wish to be buried beneath the wall dividing the old burial ground and Rochester Castle grounds.

MILLIONAIRES IN MOTOR MISHAP.

A motor-car in which two brothers, the Counts Matarazzo, were riding was precipitated over a bridge near Turin. One brother was killed and the other fatally injured.

The brothers owned property in Brazil running into hundreds of millions of lire.—*Central News*.



Major G. F. M. Cornwall, who was granted a discharge from the London Bankruptcy Court yesterday.



Councillor John Macintosh, who died suddenly yesterday morning at Halifax while he was dressing. He was 67 years of age and was a sweet shop.

ANOTHER SENSATIONAL ATTACK ON FAMOUS K.C.

Shots at Serjeant Sullivan While Travelling in Train.

Another attack was made on Serjeant Sullivan, K.C., yesterday.

He was travelling by train from Cork to Tralee to give evidence in a case against eleven men accused of being concerned in an attack on him at the residence of Mr. Slattery, solicitor, near Tralee, on January 9, when between Mill-street and Rathmore his carriage was fired into, as was the carriage immediately following.

Serjeant Sullivan escaped injury, but Detective-officer Healy, Dublin, in the next carriage, had his wrist injured by pieces of glass shattered by gunshot.

In all, three shots were fired. At the courthouse later Serjeant Sullivan identified three out of the eleven accused as being concerned in the first attack on him.

All the accused were remanded. **Gun-Running.**—Up till last night Dublin Castle had no information about the gun-running reported to have taken place on the Clare coast.

LITTLE GIRL COMMENDED.

Eleven-Year-Old Witness Who Gave Evidence "With Great Intelligence."

Lena Winter, a girl of eleven, was the principal witness at London Sessions yesterday against George Stanley, aged forty-nine, labourer, and Walter Roberts, forty-three, french polisher, who were found guilty of breaking into a shop in St. Pancras with intent to steal and sentenced each to three years' penal servitude, and the former to five years' preventive detention in addition.

The jury commended the little girl for the clearness of her evidence. The Judge concurred, saying that her evidence was given with great intelligence, accuracy and firmness.

Seen by a *Daily Mirror* representative yesterday in her home at 22, Chadton-street, Euston-road, Mrs. Winter said that her little daughter went to the window. On looking through the Venetian blind she saw a man standing outside the shop opposite. She kept observation. After a while she saw the second man coming out of the side door of the shop. She noticed that he had a long silvery instrument. She at once gave the alarm and both men were arrested.

LONE FARM MYSTERY.

"Was It a Fatal Quarrel?"—Coroner's Three Suggestions to the Jury.

The inquest on the victims of the Cornish tragedy, formally opened yesterday, disclosed nothing new except that the coroner observed that the fir knobbed stick with which the fatal injuries were evidently inflicted was found in such a position that it could hardly have been thrown away by the deceased man, as a wall and cattle-house intervened between the spot and where Hoare was lying.

The coroner said the jury must come to one of three conclusions:—

That it was a case of one murdering the other and then committing suicide, or there must have been a struggle between the parties and they dealt out fatal injuries to each other, or the blows must have been inflicted by some third party.

In order, if possible, to clear these matters up the inquiry was adjourned, after formal evidence of identification, until Thursday, February 12.

Detective-Inspector Hender and Detective-Sergeant Canning, of Scotland Yard, arrived on the scene yesterday.

HAVOC OF IRISH GALE.

One of the worst storms for years swept South Ireland on Monday night. Trees were felled and many roofs stripped of slates.

At Tipperary Agricultural Show grounds the roof of the flower pavilion was torn off, and the gates and enclosures were blown down.

A terrific hurricane also burst over Queens-town, doing immense damage to property.

MESSAGES FROM MARS BY WIRELESS?

"It Is Quite Possible," Says the Astronomer Royal.

SURPRISE FOR MARTIANS.

Suggestion That Signals from Earth May Reach Wonder Planet.

Deep and widespread interest has been created by Senator Marconi's statement that for some time past wireless operators have been puzzled by interruptions to their signals.

Senator Marconi says they might conceivably be due to electric disturbances in the sun, but he does not rule out the possibility of the cause being attempts by the part of another planet to communicate with the earth.

Sir F. Dyson, the Astronomer Royal, discussing the mysterious signals which have been picked up, admitted that in his opinion it was quite possible that we could get waves from other planets.

ASTONISHED MARTIANS?

Marconi Official on Possibility of Mars Receiving Signals from Earth.

"There is no medium between the earth and Mars capable of transmitting sound, but the intervening ether of space is capable of transmitting wireless signals," says the astronomer.

An official at Marconi House made this interesting statement to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"Any electrical disturbance on the sun or Mars can therefore be heard by the wireless receivers on earth," he continued.

"Just as there is a possibility of us receiving messages from another planet, so also it is possible that the Martians have picked up wireless signals from us."

These inexplicable signals which have been heard by many expert engineers studying atmospheres, may well be the efforts of some other planet get into touch with us.

Mr. Edward Walter Maund, F.R.A.S., superintendent of the Solar Department, Royal Observatory, Greenwich, told *The Daily Mirror*:—"I do not think there is the slightest reason to believe that there are any intelligent beings either on the moon or on Mars."

Sir Oliver Lodge, interviewed in New York yesterday, said he believes that the mysterious signals noted by Marconi wireless instruments were probably due to physical causes and may have been caused by sun disturbances. He considers it unlikely that Morse signals would be sent from another planet.—*Exchange*.

"IS THAT YOU, MARS?"

"The Daily Mirror" Listens in Vain for Messages from Unknown Worlds.

From Our Special Correspondent.

CHELMSFORD, Tuesday.

"Slip on these ear-phones, and we will hear what is going on in the air. I can't guarantee a message from a planet—but no one can tell."

The speaker was an engineer at the Marconi wireless station here, where huge 450ft. masts rear their heads to the sky and the long, low hut is full of mysterious electrical apparatus.

First came a clear, distinct tapping in Morse code. It rattled out "dots" and "dashes" in a brisk, business-like way, and the engineer began to write rapidly.

After a few words he stopped and laughed. "German," he said. "We've probably got into touch with one of the big air stations near Berlin."

Berlin was "switched off" and silence followed.

Later there started a strident buzzing which hurt one's ears. It was the Eiffel Tower, Paris, sending out weather reports.

MAN WITH "NO EARTHLY CHANCE."

When a well-dressed man was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude at Liverpool yesterday for larceny, he complained of the hostility of society to the man who has been in gaol. He had been in and out of prison since the age of nineteen.

"Once a man has been there, he has no earthly chance of rehabilitating himself," he declared.

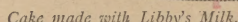
"TO KEEP HIM QUIET."

Interrogated by a magistrate, the young man who was shot at Herr Erzberger said that he had carried out his plan by keeping the Finance Minister quiet.

"I have succeeded in shooting Erzberger," he wrote to his parents after his arrest. "I hope with the result that he will retire from the Government."

"My life is at an end, but I depart with the consciousness that I have been of use."

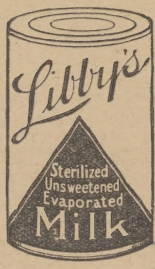
The bullet cannot yet be extracted from Herr Erzberger's wound, says *Reuters*.



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Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1920.

THE MODERATE MAN IN POLITICS.

IS it possible, in these days, for a moderate or intermediate man to found a party and to succeed in politics? Comment on Mr. Asquith's Paisley candidature hardly seems to suppose the answer "Yes."

An old-time Liberal is obnoxious (1) to new-time Labour (2) to old-time Conservatism.

These two, Toryism and Revolution, can better "love one another," than either can be friendly to the opinion in between. Why?

It is because we instinctively dislike people who come to us saying *part* of what we ourselves believe. An adversary at the opposite Pole pleases us better. He doesn't take a portion of our programme and (as we think) mangle it by depriving it of the real point, which is always the "principle," or sacred untried creed we want to apply to the community.

That is one reason for the ineffectiveness of moderate men.

Another is the crudity of the popular sense, which understands obvious labels and colours—red or black—but fails to discriminate half-tints. In present politics, the multitude really does not see any difference between Liberalism and Conservatism: a confusion for which the Coalition "mixture" of the two is no doubt partly responsible.

THE 'FLU WARNING.

THE latest official warning about the influenza is a slight improvement on most of these utterances, whether Air Raid warnings or income-tax forms. It urges the possible, and it is intelligible. Most Government advice is impossible to follow and hard to understand.

We are to keep warm, but we are to be ventilated; we are to avoid fatigue; we are to gargle with permanganate of potash; we may, if we like, use a vaccine.

Some of this is difficult; but all is fairly cheap.

That is the improvement.

For, as a rule, they tell us to keep away from everybody, to live in the sun, to eat abundance of well-cooked food in comfortable houses with good servants, and to take long holidays whenever so disposed.

In other words, of one sentence—"Have a large income: be very rich."

MARTIANS AND MEN.

IT seems to be optimistically supposed that, if the planet Mars is inhabited, the Martians must be nice people, who will kindly solve many of our troubles for us when they get into communication with us.

Evidently they have ideas about transport, for example. The canals show it.

There will be competition for their alliance, and, after much Wilsonian talk about humanity, we British will get hold of them and control them. Already the planet has a red complexion.

That is a charming prospect. But things might turn out otherwise.

We will not for the moment enlarge upon the theological difficulties attendant upon the discovery of a superior race that will never have heard of Adam, the Flood, and St. Paul, his missionary journeys. On these points our Bishops would no doubt at once succeed in correcting and converting the Martians.

We are thinking only of a possible Martian superiority in *war*, equal to their inventivity in *peace*. Suppose they sent us poison waves, instead of Marconi messages?

We should then wish we had not discovered Mars; just as, in the late war, many young men of courage must have wished we had never discovered high explosives.

W. M.

WHY DO WE TAKE THE TROUBLE TO EAT?

A REMEDY FOR THE STRAIN OF HIGH FOOD PRICES.

By LEONARD MAYNE.

FOOD prices continue to be the housewife's daily burden.

The manager of a big firm has just told me that he anticipates no improvement, and a semi-official statement recently informed worried housekeepers that they would probably find themselves no better off by the end of 1920 than at the beginning.

Why not give up eating altogether, then?

An eaters' strike would soon bring prices down!

The idea sounds facetious, and I confess I should require a good deal of pressure before I consented to do my bit—or, rather, deny myself my bit—in such a strike; yet there are a surprising number of people up and down the world who regard eating with disfavour, and I have had some correspondence with a man in Yorkshire who believes that

coconut palm also provides you with house material, clothes and cosmetics.) He declares that the diet quells one's passions, eliminates all the perplexing complexities of existence, and was the original daily menu of Adam and Eve.

Whatever we may think of the Apostle of the Coconut we cannot deny his courage and spirit in translating his theories into his actions; and, as in the case of my Yorkshire friend, the butcher and baker do not haunt his dreams.

TOO MUCH AND TOO OFTEN?

I think there is little doubt that, quite apart from the question of housekeeping bills, we eat too much and too often.

Just as a man can acquire a habit, so can a community, and our manner of eating may turn out to be a colossal blunder.

How far towards reducing our diet could we go? Since food prices are so distracting, it is not an inappropriate time to discuss this question. Assuming we overeat, we might beat the profiteers by selecting a wiser and

THE TRIALS OF MARRIAGE AFTER THE WAR.—No. 8.



The poor young wife continues her interviews with servants and her experience of the "servant problem."—(By W. K. Haselden.)

eating is the original sin, and that illness and strife will not end until this fact has been revealed to the world as it has been to him.

Ridiculous, of course! Quite so. Yet this man fasts for long periods, keeping himself alive by a remarkable process which he has discovered, has regained lost health, and has even cured a cow of tuberculosis!

His weekly housekeeping bill is one which would make the average housekeeper's mouth water—in the monetary sense.

I am not at all sure that, if science failed to cure me of some apparently fatal disease, I might not be tempted to try his system myself.

But meanwhile, to me and to others, he appears to be an intelligent crank. And so does Auguste Englehardt, the "Apostle of the Coconut."

Englehardt's picture lies before me as I write and shows a rather slight but well-developed man. He lives on an island of his own, with one of the finest private libraries in the world, and an unlimited larder of coconuts. He eats nothing else. There is both food and drink in them. (Incidentally, the

diminished diet. It is worth more than a passing thought.

One vegetarian of my acquaintance has cut out so many foods that his health is suffering. It is harder to be an apostle of the coconut in a busy city like London than on a quiet Pacific isle!

On the other hand, I know one family whose daily menu runs in this fashion:—Early cup of tea. Breakfast. Malted milk or some other satisfying beverage, at eleven. Lunch. Tea. Dinner. A supper "snack." Sweets and biscuits ad lib. throughout the day.

That, surely, is overdoing it. Like many another, they are too impatient to let their appetites grow, and hasten to satisfy the first cravings.

Some people eat too much because they are greedy. Others, because they have grown used to it. Others, because they fear being called cranks if they make any drastic alterations in their diets.

But happy is he who hath no fear! And rich would be he who, these trying days, cut out seven meals per week!

Shall we try it?

INCOME TAX TIME.

OUR READERS ON NEEDS OF THE "FIRST INSTALMENT" PERIOD.

THOSE FORMS.

THE new income-tax demands are—demanding!

May I ask if it would not be possible to devise forms more lucid than those now used? Part of the irritation caused by the income-tax is due to these muddled and verbose forms. Cromwell-road, S.W. SUFFERER.

CHILDREN AND TAXES.

MIDDLE-CLASS families are nowadays pitilessly taxed. They cannot afford children. When will taxation be so distributed that all classes can equally and wisely contribute to the birth-rate?

It is disastrous that we recruit our members from the lowest and least healthy in the community. S. L. D.

THE SMALL FIXED INCOME.

IS it not time to remedy the unjust state of affairs in regard to the paying of income-tax on small fixed incomes?

I have long waited for some member of Parliament or celebrated public orator to bring forward this question, but alas! for reasons which I am at a loss to explain, no one has, as far as I can see, ever raised a voice in protest. The cases which I allude to (and there are some thousands of them) are those in which a person was fortunate enough to have bequeathed to him or her a little income of, say, £200 per annum.

Before the late war this amount could actually be valued at 2s. to the £, and was considered a living income for a person with a family of four or five children—say, two of whom were boys contributing a small portion of their salaries to the upkeep of the home.

But now, the cost of living having increased 150 per cent., the amount of this income is in reality approximately £90.

Income-tax on unearned income prior to the outbreak of hostilities was 1s. 4d. in the £.

The tax on unearned income has now increased to 3s. in the £.

Therefore after having paid this tax on his or her £83 there would only be left an income of £70 11s. L. M.

"SAVE" THE SINNER.

YEARS ago I suggested to an eminent professor that theological colleges ought to be hospitals for wayward souls and that the criminal should have personal treatment there.

He replied that he would like to see the faces of the students when this was proposed. I cannot understand the psychology of the Christianity which ignores crime and the criminal.

Christ lived and died to save sinners, therefore let His Church work out salvation. Let us have experimental research work in our prisons dealing with the process of redemption by love. Penbury-road, Westcliff. F. E. H.

THE BOYS' DRESS.

IF Nature intended boys to be dressed as men, she would have provided them with a complete set of "face fungus."

Why do not these twelve-year-old boys in long trousers and soft collars complete their manish masquerade by wearing false moustaches as well?

I am nearly sixteen and 69in. high, re. I prefer to be dressed "boyishly" and wear the smart Eton collar (nearly 4in. wide), although my parents would allow me to wear soft collars if I wished to do so.

I wear short knickerbockers (bare knees) on week days and Highland kilts on Sundays and holidays. If the Eton collar is properly made it is most comfortable.

It has not interfered with my athletics, as I am a champion runner in a school of over 100 boys. ETONIA.

SHORTER LETTERS.

No Smoking in Restaurants.—North Carolina has passed a law that all restaurants should only allow smoking in a room set apart. Should not London restaurants follow suit? We now eat our meals in a haze of tobacco which destroys all enjoyment of food.—H. H.

Profiteering in Pictures.—Why are dealers allowed to make enormous profits in second-hand pictures? There should be a law passed making it penal to sell new hand-painted pictures at more than thirty shillings the square foot (surely ample profit at the present price of paint and varnish), and all second-hand pictures at fifteen shillings a foot or less, according to age.—ONE WHO GOES TO THE PICTURES.

The Death Penalty.—To say that execution does not reduce crime is ridiculous. If you have a hundred criminals and hang the lot you have none left. If you just wren over them and let them go with your blessing you have still a hundred left, and will shortly have another hundred fresh crimes.—SENSE.

Our Climate and Colds.—In reply to "One Who Never Gets Cold" I should like to say that I am always in the open air, fond of walking, sleep with my window open, eat good, plain food and do not muffle up, yet I continually suffer from awful colds. Surely it is the most unpleasant of all ailments. I live on a hill, that gives one cold. I have spent several winters in America and Canada and never suffered from colds at all there.—A. C. B.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Order means light and peace, inward liberty and free command over one's self; order is power.—Amiel.

The Life Beyond the Veil.

THE LOFTIEST "SPIRIT"
MESSAGES EVER PUBLISHED.

Wonderful Revelations Received by an English Vicar.



THE REV. G. VALE OWEN (Vicar of Orford, Lancs).

ON Sunday next the "Weekly Dispatch" will begin to publish one of the most inspiring documents ever given to the world.

It claims to be nothing less than a series of "Spirit Messages" received by an English Vicar, and giving for the first time a clear, detailed and authoritative description of the life now being led in other spheres by those whom you have known and loved upon earth—the life to which you yourself will ultimately pass.

Whether you believe or disbelieve in the truth of such communications, it is a fact that men of science, men of letters and men of the world—trained and competent observers whose integrity stands far above question—are to-day convinced of their authenticity. And the "Spirit Messages" taken down by the Rev. G. Vale Owen are held to be of such transcendent importance that the "Weekly Dispatch" deems it a duty to place them before the great public which it serves.

HOW THE MESSAGES CAME.

The Rev. G. Vale Owen, by whose hand the "Spirit Messages" were written down, is the Vicar of Orford, Warrington, and has been in Holy Orders for 27 years.

Of his absolute sincerity there can be no question. He has shunned publicity from the first, and has refused all remuneration for the remarkable manuscript which the "Weekly Dispatch" will publish.

He states that when the impulse to write first came to him he resisted it. Psychical research was distasteful to him. But he

tells us that he was at last impelled to write by a "steady and cumulative mental pressure." He then began to write what was communicated to him, sitting in his cassock, after evensong, in the vestry of his own Church.

Convinced that these revelations ought to be given to the world, he has assented to the use of his name only because he recognises that without this the origin and authenticity of his manuscript might be doubted by many.

Spheres to which we pass at death described in vivid detail.

You may search the whole of modern Literature in vain for any parallel to the intensity of vision with which the life beyond the veil is portrayed in these wonderful Messages. They bring you face to face with a Spiritual Universe of unimaginable grandeur, sphere upon sphere of the realms of light stretching away into infinity.

At death a man enters the sphere for which his spiritual development-fits him. There is, according to the Messages, no sudden change in his personality. He is not plunged into forgetfulness. He is not transformed into a different being. *You, whom he loved, he still remembers and loves.*

In the first sphere of light he finds trees and flowers like those that grow in earthly gardens, but more beautiful, and immune from decay and death. Around him are birds and animals, still the friends of man, but more intelligent and freed from the cruelties they suffer here, houses and gardens, but of substance, colour and atmosphere more responsive to his presence.

THE AWAKENING FROM LIFE.—"If they could know."

So small a thing is the change which we call death, the narrative tells us, that many do not realise it. They have to be taught that they are in another world, the world of reunion. "She fell asleep," says one of the Messages which describes the passing of such a Spirit; "she fell asleep, and the cord of life was severed by our watching friends, and then softly they awoke her, and she looked up and smiled very sweetly into the face of one who leaned over her."

"She enquired where she was. When she was told, a look of wonder and yearning came over her face, and she asked to be allowed to see the friends she had left."

"This was granted her, and she looked on them through the Veil, and shook her head sadly. 'If they only could know,' she said, 'how free from pain I am now, and comfortable. Can you not tell them?' "We tried to do so, but only one of them heard, I think, and he only imperfectly and soon put it away as a fancy."

Bringing Renewed Hope and Consolation to Thousands.

The communications written down by Mr. Vale Owen differ profoundly in character from any "Spirit Messages" hitherto recorded.

The utterances of the ordinary "medium" are too often disjointed and trivial. Too often they bring little but disappointment and a sense of frustration.

But here is a narrative which does, at last, respond to the passionate desire for a lifting of the veil and the yearning for a clear vision of the world beyond, which are felt to-day by so great a multitude of men and women.

STRENGTHENING THE OLD BELIEFS.

Clergymen and psychic investigators who have read the manuscript taken down by Mr. Vale Owen agree that it does not conflict with any essential principle of Christianity or with the ethics of Church teaching. To many, indeed, these Spirit Messages will seem to shed a new illumination upon passages in the Bible whose interpretation they have hitherto regarded as obscure.

READ AND JUDGE.

You will find the opening chapters of these revelations in next Sunday's "Weekly Dispatch."

This is the only paper in which the "Spirit Messages" will be published. Thousands of readers are already awaiting their appearance with the most intense eagerness; in consequence, it is more than probable that the whole edition of the "Weekly Dispatch" will in many districts be sold out at an early hour.

You are therefore advised to avoid any possible disappointment by ordering the "Weekly Dispatch" from your Newsagent in advance.

ORDER THE **Weekly Dispatch** FROM YOUR NEWSAGENT TO-DAY.

HAND THIS FORM TO YOUR NEWSAGENT WITHOUT DELAY.

Please reserve for me each week, commencing Sunday, February 1st, a copy of the "Weekly Dispatch," containing the Rev. G. Vale Owen's remarkable revelations of the after-life.

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GOVERNMENT OF THE NATION BY WOMEN.

LIBERTY, REAL-RECONSTRUCTION AND NO WASTE.

By DOUGLAS BUCHANAN.

Our contributor gives an interesting forecast of a possible woman's Cabinet.

THE appointment of Mlle. Landry, an attractive young woman, as attaché to the Cabinet and the new French Minister of Marine, is one more refutation of the idea that the sphere of feminine activities is bordered by sewing buttons, prize fighting at sales, nursing the baby and writing to the Food Controller.

It is one of the signs of a coming Government by women, not only in France but in Britain.

And it is a complete answer to the unhappy Mr. Swinburne, who would have you believe that woman has no sense of science, philosophy or mechanics. Mlle. Landry passed her examination in law and philosophy while the guns made in the factories of Bertha Krupp of Essen were pounding away at Paris.

Mlle. Landry hopes to become a doctor of science—a worthy follower of Mme. Curie, who is now generally believed to be the real discoverer of radium. Hitherto the honour has been credited to her husband, Professor Curie.

There are few things in the domain of the old gibe that she ought not to have the vote unless she also undertook a man's responsibilities and defended her country as effectively countered during the war by the thousands of women who helped our Navy and Army in the field, the factory, the hospital and countless departments of men's employment.

THE FIRST WOMAN PREMIER.

Has it ever occurred to you that the life of many an airman during the war was dependent on the skill and trustworthiness of the women who made the acetylene welding for aeroplane parts—parts so delicate that they could not be tested?

And if men can trust their lives to women, they can surely trust the government of their country to them.

One of these mornings we shall wake up to find the country being run by a woman—just as it was run during a great crisis in our history by Lady Hamilton.

How will it differ from the present government by men? It will be a government of Peace and Reconstruction in the real sense—reconstruction of health, education and commerce; making the world safe for democracy and no place for plutocracy or autocracy.

Your first woman Premier, on being sent for by the King and requested to form a Government of her own sex, would have no difficulty in doing so. Quite the reverse. "Your Majesty," the Right Sagacious Lady would say, promptly producing a sheet of paper from her Dorothy bag, "I made up this list while lunching on a pancake at Harridge's this morning. I think it is the material to administer unto them."

ANTI-WASTE GOVERNMENT.

And his Majesty and the Queen would probably read as follows. (We omit the Premier's name):—

Lady President of the Council.....Miss Maud Royston.
Leader of the House.....Miss Annie Kenny.
Lady Chancellor.....Mrs. Pankhurst.
Foreign Secretary.....Lady Randolph Churchill.
Home Secretary.....Miss Lena Ashwell.
Secretary for the Colonies.....Mrs. Carnegie (formerly Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain).
President of the Local Government Board.....Duchess of Marlborough.
Secretary for India.....Miss Stevenson (secretary to Mr. Lloyd George).
President of the Board of Trade.....Lady Astor.
Chancellor of the Exchequer.....Mrs. Lloyd George.
Minister for Reconstruction.....Mrs. H. B. Irving.
Secretary of State for War.....
(To be selected from Women's Scottish Hospitals).
First Lady of the Admiralty, Dame Katharine Furze.
Minister for Mines, Railways, and Forests.....
Lady Macworth (daughter of late Lord Rhonda).
Minister for Labour.....Miss Mary Maithurst.
Minister for Fine Arts.....Miss Cicely Hamilton.
Minister for Agriculture.....
Miss Talbot (Organiser of Women's Land Army).
Food Surveyor.....Mrs. Philip Snowden.
Health and Housing Minister.....Dr. Mary Schachtel.
Education Minister.....Miss Gertrude Twocell.
Agriculture-General.....Miss Christabel Pankhurst.
Solicitor-General.....Lady E. E. Nott-Bower.
Hospitals and Insurance.....
Lady Bland-Sutton (wife of the famous surgeon).
Vice-Roine of India.....Mrs. Despard.
Reine of Ireland.....Mrs. Henry Fawcett.
Under-Secretary for the War Office.....
Lady Ashfield of Southwell.
Chief Secretary for Ireland.....Mrs. Churchill.
Financial Secretary to the War Office.....
Duchess of Westminster.
Secretary to the Admiralty.....Mrs. Masterman.
Under-Secretary for War.....Countess Haig.
Secretary for Scotland.....Miss Haldane.

I do not think they would do so badly, do you?

HUMAN FRAILTIES COMMON TO US ALL.

LIVING UP TO THE ADAGE, "TO ERR IS HUMAN."

By JOHN SILENCE.

IT seems to me, when I contemplate the wave of crime that is passing over the country—I hope, by the way, it is passing—that we are made up mostly of frailties.

Indeed, like the man who studied the dictionary of illnesses and found that he had every malady excepting housemaid's knee, I find, on studying a list of human frailties, that I am afflicted with them all, excepting simplicity.

Laziness, selfishness, forgetfulness, putting into writing things better left unwritten, impatience, self-indulgence and an absolute inability to mind my own business—these, alas, are only a few of the evils that beset me. I am a bad lad.

And I find, too, that most of my friends suffer in a greater or lesser degree from the same things. They are bad lads and lasses.

Do you know anybody, for example, who isn't lazy—perhaps only just a little bit—but still lazy?

Do you know anybody who doesn't prefer to see good work done, to doing it? I don't.

Everybody is selfish, even when doing unselfish things, and if you know a man who never forgets things that he ought to remember, guard him carefully, for he is worth his weight in silver.

Everybody writes or says things better left unwritten or unsaid, from the lady who makes good breach of promise copy in the Law Courts to the member of the Government who places his colleagues in the cart or the soup. Does

the man or woman live who can always possess his or her soul in becoming patience and is there a living thing proof against the charge of self-indulgence? I know of none.

And when it comes to the question of minding one's own business, the person who could do it always could not live in this extraordinarily interesting world.

Other people's business gives us all the interest without the responsibility of our own.

When you come to think about it, however, the most interesting things about us are our frailties; it is by them we are identified.

To err is human, and most of us get on very well at it, thank you.

But I am not suggesting that my frailties may lead me to "throwing a gun" at a postmaster or carrying away a safe from a cinema.

I don't think they will, for these things are matters of taste, and happily my taste does not lie in that direction.

Neither do I feel inclined to blame the cinema, the latest eighteenpenny "shocker," nor my companions, nor my parents for my faults.

It would not be fair to do so, for when I do something good or clever I don't say, "Ah—I got that from my mother and father," or "The cinema made me do that!"

No; I say, "Look what I've done!"

I have the feeling, also, that it is a good lesson to write them down and read them over from time to time whenever the bad lad is getting uppermost.

So I shall out this article out when it is printed and paste it in the cover of my pocket-book.

Then one of my diverting frailties will come uppermost, and I shall—forget all about it.



WITH THE PYCHLEY.—The field off to fresh covert at Saldwell during the recent meet of the well-known hunt at Lamport Hall.

THOSE MYSTERIOUS MESSAGES FROM MARS.

IS THE MOON PROTESTING AGAINST OUR ROCKETS?

By JAMES CLIFFORD.

IT TELL you you can't be too careful in these days, things do get about so quickly.

There was that professor fellow who was going to shoot off rockets at the moon, for instance. I knew he'd get us into trouble, and he has.

Of course, the Moonites have got to hear of it, and now we have Mr. Marconi coming along with tales about queer wireless noises received from somewhere beyond the earth.

Well, there you are. It's as plain as a pike-staff. That's the moon sending out an S.O.S. Mr. Marconi admits his people have picked up lots of "S's."

Now what's going to happen?

As far as we know the moon may be great pals with all the other planets. We may just have tapped one of their messages to Mars or Jupiter or Venus or somewhere telling them all about it. And I don't trust those Martians and Jupiters and Venuses. They're bigger than we are, and it stands to reason they're not going to take having rockets fired off at them sitting down. They'll be up to some mischief in a week or two for sure.

You can tell they're a cunning people, otherwise how would they know about it so quickly. I think they've probably got spies down here like the Germans had. I know lots of men who might be Jupiters. They're not human, anyway.

Once you start getting these people hostile to you, you never know what they will do. It's been all very well in the past, because we've left them alone, and I dare say they've got plenty of worries of their own.

I shouldn't be a bit surprised if the moon went and put itself out one of these nights. If the Moonites have got any sense they're not going to keep themselves lighted up to make a good target for us.

We shall go out one night and look up in the sky for the full moon and it won't be there. That will be a nice thing.

All the almanacs will be wrong, and half the poets will have to go out of business.

I wouldn't have minded so much if this professor chap had started his nonsense during the war. I've known nights when I've had put the moon out myself if I could. I've never felt quite the same towards the moon since those Gothas came between us.

But now it's different, and I tell you I don't like it.

There are such a lot of things up in the sky. It's all very well to say about twinkle, twinkle little star and that sort of thing. You may wonder what they are, but I'm not sure you want them to tell us.

To my mind, these scientific fellows are a jolly sight too inquisitive. If they want to do discoveries, why don't they find out where all the good bacon has gone to, or who makes the money in these days, or how to do it, something useful like that.

I hope Mr. Marconi will tell all his men to send out messages saying it's all right and we're not going to interfere with anybody. And if they get any messages from anywhere they'd better ignore them; we don't want to excite any curiosity up there; if we do we shall be bound to have crowds of Jupiters and people coming down to see what we're like. And London's quite crowded enough as it is.

Earth women cause enough worry in this world, but if you're going to start having lots of Venuses wandering about the place—well, you'd never be able to explain it at home.

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT TELLS HOW TO PRESERVE AND BEAUTIFY THE COMPLEXION.

For many years she has used only a good *creme de toilette* containing buttermilk to nourish the tissues, and a pure air-flashed powder to protect the skin.

For decades, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has been one of the hardest of workers, and in the mastery and interpretation of her numerous roles has been subject to a continuous physical and nervous strain far beyond any which the had used no others but the *creme de toilette* called upon to bear. Yet she has remained so young and so beautiful.

Shows none of the effects which one would expect to find in a woman of her age. In a recent interview, Mme. Bernhardt revealed the credit for this to two simple toilet preparations, saying she had used no others for many years, hence this *creme de toilette* and *air-flashed powder*. One of the preparations is called *Crema Tokalon*, which Mme. Bernhardt says she uses because of its surprising qualities in re-nourishing the skin and rendering it soft and supple. The other preparation is *Poudre Tokalon*, regarding which Mme. Bernhardt says: "I love this very much because it adheres so well and is so extremely fine. It gives to the skin an astonishing appearance of youth and an exquisite velvety surface. Both *Crema Tokalon* and *Poudre Tokalon* can be obtained from any chemist, the prices being only 1s. 3d. and 1s. 9d. respectively, so they are no more expensive than any other good preparations of their kind. *Crema Tokalon* contains pure buttermilk, hence the remarkable effects which Mme. Bernhardt mentions. *Poudre Tokalon* is 'air-flashed,' which makes it the lightest and finest of all complexion powders. It absolutely defies detection, even upon close scrutiny."

Crema Tokalon

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CREME TOKALON USERS NOW KEPT SUPPLIED WITH FACE POWDER FREE.

Rather than risk having their cream blamed for bad effects produced by afterward applying harmful powders, the Maison Tokalon has decided to keep every possessor of their cream supplied with regular 3d. boxes of the famous French Poudre Tokalon ENTIRELY FREE OF COST. Merely save the outer cardboard cartons from six 1s. 3d. size pots of *Crema Tokalon* or from three 1s. 9d. size pots. These entitle you to receive a large box of the exquisite powder post paid and in any shade desired. There are no other conditions whatsoever. By the time you have used the box of powder, you will also have used sufficient cream to entitle you to another box free, thus rendering *Crema Tokalon* the most economical you could possibly employ, inasmuch as the 3d. size will actually be costed at only 11d. and the large (2s.) size will cost but 1s. 5d. There is no other really good and pure cream on the market which can be had at such extremely low prices.

FREE TRIAL SUPPLY.—A liberal trial sample of *Crema Tokalon*, size of *Poudre Tokalon* in a range of shades suitable to match any complexion, will be sent free, in return for a recent 3d. penny stamp for postage to TOKALON, LIMITED (Inq. S.E.), 214, G. Portland Street, London, W.

HALF-GUINEA PETTICOTS

REDUCED TO 5/9 REDUCED TO

To introduce our great Bargain List we are offering our regular half-guinea line of Watered Moirette Underskirts to all readers for 5/9. Backed by our "Money Back" guarantee every Underskirt leaves us at cost price, because we know you will make selections from our List.

E. 103.—Flooded Watered Moirette Underskirts in all colours. Beautifully made and finished. Fashionable & hard-wearing. Every Underskirt a bargain at its regular price of half-a-guinea. Colours: Black, Mauve, Brown, Cerise, Navy, Sky. Send size required.

Special Reduced Price Outsize 6d. extra.

Our list contains scores of other bargains. Cheaper quality petticoats, children's clothes, Boys' Cord Velvet Knickers, Clocks, Brushes, etc. All very much below shop prices. Write your name and address plainly and send P.O. for 5/9 to

NATIONAL SUPPLY Co. (Dept.) 14, BARTLETT'S BUILDINGS, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1.

OUR GUARANTEE:

Your money back if you are not satisfied.

CONSUMPTION.

If you are suffering from this supposedly incurable disease, send to-day for a Free Sample or a larger supply, on the "No cure, no pay" principle, of the only remedy that has ever been known to cure Consumption in its advanced stages, and it has been proved in the High Courts of Justice, King's Bench Division, to have cured many such cases. Full particulars post free on request. Only address—Chas. H. Stevens, 204, Worpole-road, Wimbledon, London, S.W. 19.

NOVEL EFFECTS—



Very neat is this gown of navy gabardine, with its high collar and trim little sleeves. The pleated skirt is cunningly arranged to give an apron effect that adds to its smart appearance.

ANIMAL "JOY-RIDERS."

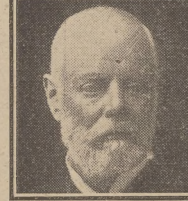


Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, of Cobtree Manor, Maidstone, and the Constitutional Club, in his caravan home at the World's Fair, where he is showing some of the fine animals from the menagerie he keeps as a hobby. In order to keep them fit he takes the animals out for an airing in his car.

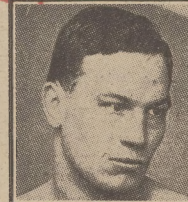


The llama apparently badly needs a trip in the fresh air.

IN THE—

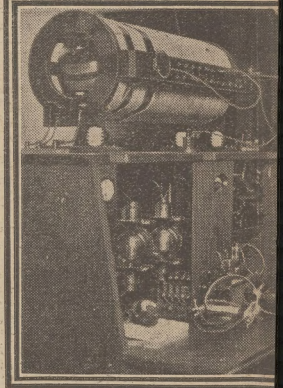


Dr. Cecil Lyster, who recently died from cancer, which he contracted through exposure to X-rays in the early days of research. He continued his work to within the weeks of his death.



Louis de Ponthieu, feather-weight champion of France, who has lost his left hand from blood-poisoning after spraining his wrist in a fight with Harry Dwyer.

"ARE YOU TH



A wireless instrument of the type used for receiving strange signals have been received from Mars. The discussion is proceeding on whether the signals are from the sun or an effort by Martians.



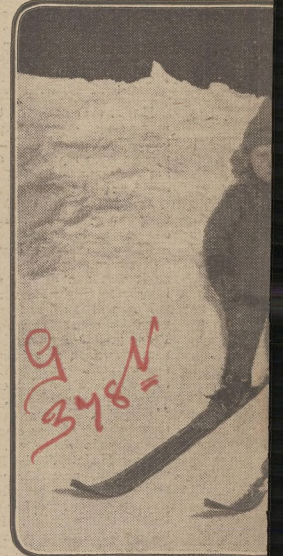
PRINCE ARTHUR AT NORWICH. — On behalf of the King yesterday Prince Arthur of Connaught held an investiture at Norwich, decorating eighty-seven persons. Prince Arthur is seen above inspecting veterans outside St. Andrew's Hall.



GRUESOME SPARE BEDROOMS.—Two men, after living for years in the caravan shown in the picture, solved the problem of additional accommodation by securing a discarded hearth.



EX-CAPTAIN AS BOOKING CLERK.—Mr. G. A. Cattle, late captain Grenadier Guards, back at his old job in the booking-office at Vine-street Station, Usbridge, on the G.W.R. The station staff comprises a captain, a lieutenant, two sergeants, one corporal and ten privates, thus constituting a record.



AT FINSE, NORWAY.—A two-year-old girl made her first venture on skis.



MAKING THE HAPPY HOME.—A Cheshunt—an adjunct to the Brownlow to renew shabby chairs under the girls are becoming quite professional.

MARS?"



ce messages, on which
source. Interesting dis-
to electric disturbances
te with the earth.



at this popular resort.
fteen months old.

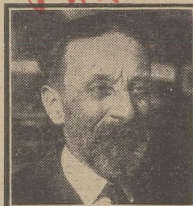


the Greenhow College,
Walworth—learning
professional upholsterer.
(error photograph.)

—NEWS.



Major Edric Kingscote, who
has been appointed by the
King to be gentleman of his
Majesty's Cellars in succession
to Mr. Thomas Arthur Fitz-
hardinge Kingscote.

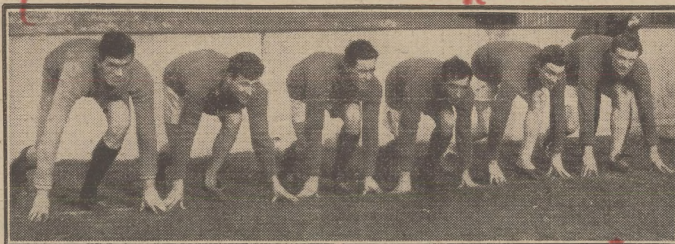


A mystery man, living at
Lamberville (N.J.), whose
mind has been a perfect blank
since the sinking of the
Titanic. He has a skilled
knowledge of music and of
every

A CHARMING FIANCEE



Miss Margaret Florence McAlpine, daughter of Sir Robert
McAlpine, Bart., of Knott Park, Oxshott, Surrey, whose en-
gagement to Mr. Hugo Chevenix-Trench, of Lime-grove, Ban-
gor, N. Wales, is announced.

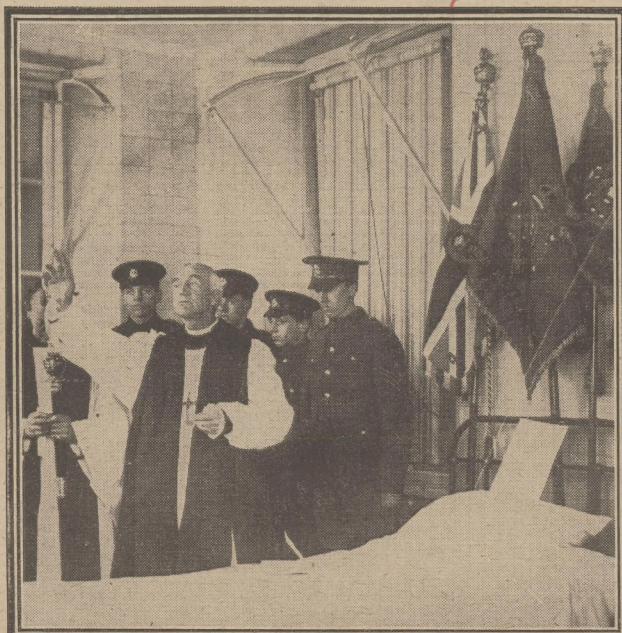


TRAINING FOR CUP-TIE.—West Ham footballers preparing for a sprint. They are training
for their match on Saturday, when they meet Bury in the F.A. Cup competition.

—IN PARIS MODES.



A pretty evening gown of white taffeta. The semi-
crinoline with the narrow underskirt is delightfully
reminiscent of the Victorian era, to which Dame
Fashion appears to be turning for inspiration.



BISHOP CONSECRATES HOSPITAL COT.—A cot in memory of the officers and men
of the Middlesex Regiment who fell during the war, was consecrated at the Middlesex
Hospital yesterday by the Bishop of London. The Bishop is seen pronouncing the
blessing at the close of the ceremony.



SOCIETY POULTRY FARMER.—Lady Marcia Black (on
left, holding rabbit), sister of the Earl of Roden, photographed
with some of her pupils at her poultry farm in Sussex.



GOOD WORK RECOGNISED.—The Lord Mayor at the Man-
sion House yesterday making a presentation to Mr. Howard
Williams in recognition of his work for charitable institutions.



So Soft and Wavy

I don't want to be vain, but I must say I do think my hair is rather satisfactory. It feels so thick and silky when I run my fingers through it, and it is quite a pleasure to brush it, for

IT TAKES SUCH A LOVELY POLISH.

I brush it for a quarter of an hour, night and morning, and it looks like burnished bronze, and seems to spring into waves of its own accord. Well, after so much boasting, I must confess that three months ago it was the most

DULL, UNASSUMING, LIFELESS, MOUSE-COLOURED hair you ever saw. But ever since I have taken to shampooing it every fortnight with Stallax, it seems to have developed an astonishing vitality and lustre. And although it is so long, it is

NOT IN THE LEAST UNMANAGEABLE,

and goes up without any difficulty, even within an hour or two of being washed. After all that Stallax has done for me, I think it is only fair to let others into the secret. I find that

OTHER GIRLS WHO USE IT

say just the same, and whether their hair is black, golden, chestnut, or brown, it seems to impart a wonderful life and gloss to every woman's crowning glory.

ESTELLE.

DRESS.

LACE—Large parcels 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.; splendid pair ladies' gloves free.—Weddy, Heathcoat-street, Nottingham.
BLOUSES, jumpers, frocks, costumes, made to measure from own materials; send for sketches, measurement form.—Ehrl Munday, 164, High-road, Hford.
GENUINE Offer—Best quality Crepe de Chine Camisoles, pink, 7s. 3d. each; 3 for 21s. 6d.; post free.—Blake, 59, Audley-road, Henton, London, N.W. 4.
CHART Your Troussaint—French convent, hand-made lingerie, in sets or single garments; layettes, camisoles, etc., from 6s. 5d.; send 5 stamps for catalogue.—Caroline, Ltd., 24, New Bond-st, London, W. 1.

MOTORS AND CYCLES.

A BETTER Selection of Motor Lorries for Sale; all well-known makes; for 15 cwt. to 5 ton loads; new and used; for Cash or Monthly Payments. Inspect Worthmore's, 34, Victoria-street, London, S.W. 1, and at Cathedral House, Long Millgate, Manchester.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

AMBITIOUS Aspirants for Film Acting required immediately to train for parts, under producer of talent.—Apply Star Academy, 19, Strand Green, Ebury Park N. 4 (opposite Rank Cinema).
ART—How to Sketch for profit; stamp for free booklet.—Art Studio, 125, Strand, W.C. 2.
BIG Salaries—Good positions for Youths from 15 in the Cable and Wireless Services. Mod. fees.—Apply for Prospectus, D.M., London Telegraph Training College, 262, Earl's Court-road, S.W. 5.
L Dutton's 24-Hour Shorthand; booklet free.—Do ton's College, Deal R. 2, Skegness.
STAGE and Cinema—Beginners trained quickly.—W. S. Pearce, 33, Collet-gardens, W. 14. (Ldcd. by L.C.O.)

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PIANOFORTES—Before you buy a piano or player-piano write for a copy of our practical instalment plan.—Moore and Moore, 31, Albion House, New Oxford-street, W.C. 1. Famous British Piano Makers since 1838.

ASTONISHING REDUCTION TO EFFECT IMMEDIATE CLEARANCE

3,500

BLANKET WRAPS

The "QUEEN."

Wonderful Value.

Beautifully silky, being made from selected mohair yarns. Fringe of 6 inches at each end. Large range of tasteful colours. Size about 15 x 70 inches. Can be supplied in following shades:—

Salmon Pink	CAMEL
BLACK	Mauve
Royal Blue	CERISE
Saxe Blue	Helio
Bottle Green	Prune
Light Camel	Light Mole Grey

PRICE TO CLEAR

15/11 EACH (post free)

Reduced from 19/11.
Worth 24/6 To-day.

Special
Price
quoted
for 1 doz.
or more
wraps.

Send your Remittance to
THE WITNEY BLANKET CO., Ltd.,

Wrap Dept. 31,

BUTTER CROSS WORKS, WITNEY, OXFORDSHIRE

The famous blanket firm who have been sending blankets direct from Witney for upwards of half a century. When you want blankets write to—

THE WITNEY BLANKET CO., Ltd., WITNEY, OXFORDSHIRE.

Is Rheumatism Curable? Doctors say "Yes" URACE PROVES IT

Doctors were a long time making up their minds that Rheumatism was curable. For years they had searched—and searched in vain—for something which would cure Rheumatism.

Meanwhile, the most eminent medical men declared that a cure was impossible.

But tireless specialists and scientists devoted their lives to the discovery of a specific which WOULD CURE, and their efforts were crowned with success.

They sought a specific which would (1) dissolve accumulations of Uric Acid—the cause of all Rheumatic complaints—from the joints and muscles; (2) expel the Uric Acid from the system, and (3) help to create such a condition as would prevent its reappearance.

Finally, a specific known to medical men and chemists as URACE was produced which does fulfil these necessary conditions.

URACE and URACE alone can cure Rheumatism. Nothing is more certain than that. It cures on a new and common-sense principle. It directly attacks the cause of Rheumatism, Uric Acid, dissolves and expels it from the system and prevents its reappearance. That is why it CURES and CURES quickly.

URACE WILL CONQUER AND CURE

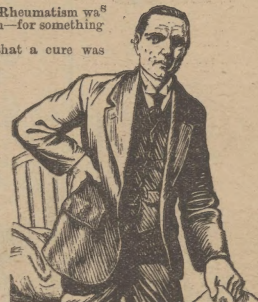
Neuralgia	Gravel	Nerve Pains
Lumbago	Renal Colic	Stiff Muscles
Gout	Backache	and Joints
Cramp	Sciatica	Kidney Troubles

On Sale at Popular Prices.

The sale and prescription of Urace has not been confined to medical men alone. Any member of the public can get Urace from any Chemists or Store, but Boots (580 branches), Taylor's, Timothy White & Co., Whiteley's, Selfridge's and Harrod's always have it in stock at

1s. 3d., 3s., & 5s.

per box, or direct for remittance in postal order or stamps to the Urace Laboratories, 46, Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C. 1.



Why be a Martyr to Rheumatism?

IMPORTANT WARNING.

If you are offered anything else in place of URACE, you are running a grave risk by accepting it. Since the advent of URACE attempts are frequently made to foist upon the unfortunate sufferer so-called "remedies" and "cures" which again and again have been proved to have no curative effect whatever.

From Boots' (580 Branches), Timothy White Co., Taylor's, or Post Free.

THE CUSTARD for Parties and Dances

Delicious served with all kinds of fruit and for making trifle, tipsy cake or custard tartlets. It is most useful, satisfactory and economical. Poured cold over Foster Clark's Jellies, it makes a dainty dish.

IT'S TOPPING!

"I say: Try some of this Custard with Jelly. Mother always uses it at our parties. It's Foster Clark's (they make the jelly, too). It's topping!"

Large Family Tin 1/- Large Family Packet 10d.
FOSTER CLARK, LTD., MAIDSTONE.



Foster Clark's Cream Custard

Urace

FOR
ACHES
& PAINS

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Months of Letters.

I am warned that Entente and Dutch experts in international law are likely to exchange a good deal of correspondence over the legal, and even the moral, position of the ex-Kaiser. One in touch with the business told me he doubted if there would be an end of the matter before summer.

And the Result.

Some people seem to think that in the end the ex-Kaiser will remain in Holland, and will, in all probability, be found comfortably installed in his own house. There is now considerable divergence of opinion among the representatives of the Entente as to the advisability of going any further with the matter. The "P. M." is, however, determined to exert all his energies to bring William of Hohenzollern to justice.

A Big Honours List.

The final Great War Honours List has swollen to such dimensions that committees are "sub-editing" the catalogue of names. Even when their labours are complete the Prime Minister is, I hear, going carefully through the list of main recommendations personally before submitting them.

Last of the O.B.E.'s?

I should not be surprised if the forthcoming list of O.B.E.s were to be the last. The Order of the Knighthood is, I believe, to be continued, but the lowest rank seems likely to go. The matter will be decided soon.

Lord Inverforth Wants To Go.

The Ministry of Munitions is rapidly approaching extinction, and as a consequence Lord Inverforth has pressed the Prime Minister to accept his resignation. There seems



Lady Waechter is spending the winter with her children at Torquay.



Miss Nanny Lock has returned to the States with her children at her side.

no possibility of instituting a Ministry of Supply on the ashes in the Munitions Department. Public opinion is hostile to the expense.

A Clerical Excitement.

Bishop Welldon's invitation to Dr. Jowett, the Nonconformist divine, to preach in Durham Cathedral, is arousing much opposition among the extremists, but most people will applaud a courageous act. Anyway, Dr. Jowett will be listened to with great interest. He gets colour and warmth into his theses—and no cant or rant.

An Australian.

During Sir Andrew Fisher's speech at the Australian dinner to the Prince of Wales he happily suggested that the Prince would come back to England an Australian, just as he had returned from Canada a Canadian. As his Royal Highness was leaving he said to a group of friends: "I do not know what I shall be when I come back from Australia, but after this afternoon I feel an Australian already."

The Prince's Topce.

In a hatter's near Soho-square is displayed a very neat solar topce, or sun helmet, and underneath the legend: "Specially manufactured for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales." The "puggaree," like the hat, is white, save for a thin edging of black.

Devonshire House Gates.

I understand that the fine Devonshire House gates in Piccadilly will in all likelihood be restored to Chiswick House when that building or other development begins. They originally came from Chiswick House, a fact which few Londoners know.

Dr. Terry's Illness.

The many friends of Dr. R. R. Terry, the organist at Westminster Cathedral, will be sorry to learn that he is suffering from an indisposition. Dr. Terry is probably the greatest authority on plainsong in Europe.

Princess Mary and Margate.

I hear an interesting rumour that Princess Mary is to be at one of the public functions at Margate during Easter in connection with the jubilee conference of the National Union of Teachers. Maybe she will receive the purse annually subscribed for on behalf of the Benevolent and Orphan Fund of the Union.

No Best Man.

General Neville White, C.B., M.V.O., gave his sister-in-law, Miss Clare Lewis Roberts, away at her wedding to Mr. Cuthbert Becher Pigot, a son of the late Canon W. Pigot, at the Savoy Chapel yesterday. The bride chose to be married in a wide picture hat and fur coat with a nutria collar. The bridegroom was his own best man.

Dancing London.

Great preparations are afoot—which seems quite the right word—for what is described as an "extra special" dance at Prince's Galleries on February 17. It is called the "Mardi Gras" Ball, and the Duchess of Rutland, Viscountess Helmshay, Lady Llangatock, Lady Swaythling and Lady Tenterden are among the many helpers. I ought to add that the funds of St. Dunstan's Hostel will benefit.

Officers for R.I.C.

I am told that many ex-officers are volunteering for service in the Royal Irish Constabulary as constables. A young "loot" who has just received his papers tells me that the job is a good one and full of excitement. After 15s. a week has been deducted for messing allowance a junior constable has practically £3 a week for himself.

Excellent Prospects.

Moreover, the prospects of promotion are good. After a few years' service a constable is eligible to sit at a special examination for promotion to sergeant. A sergeant's pay and emoluments are about £6 a week. There are, of course, higher appointments.

Search for a Type.

Mr. Robert Courtneidge tells a story of his search for an actress to play the name part in "Paddy the Next Best Thing," which he produces at Manchester next month. In New York he explained to a theatre magnate his difficulty in finding the right type: "I know the lady for you," said the American. "Her name is Peggy O'Neil, but I don't know where she is. I think she is making holiday in Europe."



Miss Peggy O'Neil.

Coincidence?

Mr. Courtneidge was worried over this and lay awake all night with the name "Peggy O'Neil" constantly passing through his mind. As he was shaving the next morning his phone bell rang and a feminine voice asked, "Is that Mr. Courtneidge? I've been ringing up all the hotels in New York City to find you because I have an idea you need me. My name is Peggy O'Neil." Mr. Courtneidge brought her to England and here she is.

Our New Serial.

Readers of Mr. Sidney Warwick's charming caravan romance, "A Slip of a Girl," which appeared in *The Daily Mirror* during the early summer of last year, will, I am sure, be delighted to learn that a new serial story by the same gifted author will commence in these pages on Saturday next.

London's Thatched Cottage.

Do you happen to know the only thatched cottage left in London? I saw it to-day. It is a charmingly romantic place half-way up Camberwell-grove. They say it is 200 years old, and it certainly looks a bit of the country.

Returning in April.

Lady Campbell, wife of the late Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Campbell, K.C.M.G., writes that she thinks of returning from the States in April. She is staying with Mme. Grouitch in Washington, and is gaining vivid impressions of American diplomatic circles.

THE RAMBLER.

'Tis pleasant for us to record, That Doctors are of one accord,
And Iron Jelloids they've agreed Right well supply a crying need.

AS A TONIC and Restorative in cases of Weakness, Nerve-strain, Overwork, Convalescence, etc., Iron Jelloids are unsurpassed. If you experience any symptoms of Anæmia (see below) enrich and strengthen your blood by taking The Great Tonic Iron Jelloids to-day.

For ANÆMIA (shown by breathlessness on slight exertion, pallor, depression and weakness) Doctors prescribe the well-known Iron Jelloids No. 2—there is nothing better.

For DEBILITY, WEAKNESS and NERVENESS, Men find The Ideal Tonic and Restorative in Iron Jelloids No. 2A.

Dr. J. M. B., M.D., writes:—"After a long and careful study of the different phases of Anæmia, I find that no preparation is so easily taken by the patient and so quickly assimilated as Iron Jelloids."

Iron Jelloids

(Pronounced Jell-Lloyds.)

Reliable Tonic for Men	...	Iron Jelloids No. 2A.
For Anæmia in Men and Women	...	Iron Jelloids No. 2.
For Growing Children	...	Iron Jelloids No. 1.

Of all Chemists: A fortnight's treatment 1/3.

Manufactured only by The Iron Jelloid Co., Ltd., 205, City Road, London, E.C.1, England.



Mme. de Halport, wife of the First Secretary to the Polish Legation, has recently arrived in London from Warsaw.



Miss Ella Dodsworth will marry the Rev. H. G. Daniell-Bainbridge, formerly Precentor at the Abbey, next week.

PREMIER AND MINERS.

What Will Become of the Ex-Kaiser?—The Extinction of the Munitions Ministry.

THE PRINCIPAL POLITICAL EVENT in London to-day is the visit of the miners' deputation to No. 10, Downing-street. The subjects of discussion will be the price of coal and the distribution of profits.

One of the First Bills.

Appropos the coal industry, I understand that one of the first items in the Government's programme for the forthcoming session will be a measure to regularise the position caused by the dropping of what is colloquially called "The One and Twopenny Bill"—last session. The Government favour the principle of profit-sharing as an alternative to nationalisation.

Nationalisation "Off."

The campaign in favour of nationalisation has, I hear, fallen exceedingly flat. The British taxpayer, already overburdened, does not want further financial obligations placed upon his shoulders.

Miners and Management.

What would appeal to the nation much more forcefully would be for the Government to give the men a voice in the management so far as working conditions are concerned, plus a share in the profits.

Another Ministerial Resignation?

It was rumoured last night that Mr. George Barnes may be followed into retirement at no very distant date, by Mr. George Roberts, the Food Controller.

Mr. Barnes and Labour.

What of Mr. Barnes' future? Will he rejoin his Labour colleagues? It all depends, I am told, on his own choice. Many of his fellow-Labour leaders assured me yesterday they were prepared to have him back in the fold. But, curiously, they are hostile to Mr. Roberts, the Labour Food Controller.

Minister on a Motor-Scooter.

The only British Cabinet Minister to ride the fiery, untamed motor-scooter is Mr. E. S. Montagu, Secretary of State for India. He was riding his machine up Whitehall the other day, and to see him keeping his monocle in place as his steed bucked over the rough places made an inspiring and thrilling sight.

A Speaker.

Reports from Paisley-tell me that one of Mr. Asquith's biggest assets in his campaign is his clever and witty daughter, Lady Bonham-Carter. She is not only a brilliant speaker—you can tell this by the reports of her speeches—but has a charm of manner which some brilliant speakers have not. The Paisley-ites have fallen quite in love with her.



Lady Bonham-Carter.

Wedded.

It was during his term as private secretary to Mr. Asquith—in 1915, to be exact—that Sir Maurice Bonham-Carter married Miss Violet Asquith. They have two small daughters, one of whom has the classical name of Cressida.

Mrs. Asquith as Sub-Editor.

Mrs. Asquith told the Paisley electors she was "no spenker." As to that, perhaps she is too modest, but, anyhow, she is an admirable writer of compact English. If Mrs. Asquith were to rewrite some of our official announcements they would become clearer.

THE HIGHEST BIDDER

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

MEG ROSS, a young and pretty girl, who, from motives of duty, marries **JEFFERY STAFFORD**, a strong, determined man, to whom

LAURIE ROSS, Meg's brother, is under considerable financial obligations.

ALLISON LEE, Meg's closest friend. She is in love with Stafford.

LESLIE STAFFORD—A young man who had at one time been adopted by Jeffery Stafford, from whom he had taken his name.

Meg, distracted by her brother's death, is surprised by a call from Leslie Stafford.

"A MAN BENEATH CONTEMPT."

MARY and Mrs. Fryer both tried hard to dissuade me from seeing Leslie Stafford, but I insisted. I was no longer in the least afraid of him, but I felt that I must stand face to face with him once more and see for myself the craven thing which I had honoured with my friendship. I think that I wanted to hate him thoroughly and completely, so that, no matter what happened in the future, there would be no wavering in my thoughts towards him, no small remorse that perhaps I had judged him harshly.

"I shall be quite close—just outside the door," Mrs. Fryer told me, anxiously, "and if you are in the least afraid—"

I smiled at her and shook my head. "I'm not afraid at all, thank you." Then I turned to Mary: "Please show Mr. Stafford in."

I was standing by the table when he entered the room, and I had picked up the red carnation again—it seemed a sort of safeguard somehow—but although I had said that I was not afraid of him, my heart-beats began to quicken a little as he shut the door behind him and stood looking at me. I said nothing for a moment.

And then, as I did not, he broke out: "Why haven't you sent for me? I only heard this morning what had happened. . . . Meg—is it true—that Laurie—look his own life?"

I felt the colour rise in my face at the rough way in which he spoke, but I answered composedly enough:—

"Yes—so they say. . . ." and then I added deliberately, "Thanks to you."

He flushed markedly. "Thanks to me! What on earth?"

I went on steadily:

"He told me before he died—about you and Isabel Farrow. I don't know how much truth there is in it, and I don't matter. I only know that I believe anything bad of you—nothing could be so bad that it could not be true of you."

He shrugged his shoulders. "He's told you some cock-and-bull story—excitable young idiot! He's made a mistake—told me again—that is the truth, whether you care to believe it or not. I knew Isabel Farrow—we all knew her, all of us who go to the house to play—but as for anything more—good lord! I knew too much about her to have taken her seriously. Come, Meg, be fair! I make every allowance for you, but to turn against me of all people—"

He took a step towards me, smiling with a little air of confidence for which I could have killed him. "My dear," he said very gently, "I don't want to be hard, but can't you see that this death of your brother is the best way out of it for all of us? He would have been a constant weight to you, he would have lived on you as long as you had shuffling to hand out to him. He was weak—easily led."

"Have you quite finished?" I asked with deadly calm as he hesitated.

He looked at me unflinched.

"I am only trying to show you that things always happen for the best. I am sorry for your trouble."

I interrupted ruthlessly:

"The great trouble of my life has been that I ever set eyes on you. You say that you love me. Well, if you do, how is it that you have left me alone all these days—quite alone? You know that my husband intends divorcing me—on your account. You know that you ought to be blame for everything that has happened. You loved me, why couldn't you be man enough to stand by me and help me bear the burden of it all?"

He changed colour a little. "You wished to be left alone—you said so! I would willingly have been here with you every day, only . . ."

"Only that you had other things to do which were more interesting," I said. "Thank you; there is no need to explain. I only consented to see you now because I wanted to make doubly sure how much I hate you; because I wanted to see every line of your mean, contemptible face, so that I can always remember it, even if I live to be a hundred."

"Because I wanted to tell you that I think you are the lowest, most contemptible . . ."

I stopped as he made a little rush at me and caught my arm, but I was not at all afraid. "You dare speak to me like that," he said savagely. "You, who will presently come begging me to marry you and give you some sort of a place in the world. It will be my turn to dictate terms then, my lady—"

I looked into his passionate eyes unflinchingly.

"After to-day I will never willingly see you again as long as I live," I said steadily. "And I shall only remember you as a man beneath contempt."

THE BREAKING POINT.

HE laughed at that, and before I could realise what he intended doing he had caught me close to him and, bending his head, kissed my face again and again.

"Remember that I kissed you, too, would you?" he said savagely. "Remember that, and

be proud of it." Then he let me go and stood back, breathing hard.

There was a deep silence, then suddenly his mouth opened, and he began to plead with me. "I'm a brute, Meg, I know, but I do love you. I'd give anything in the world if I didn't. You drive me to say these things and treat you like a ruffian. If you would just care for me a little I could be so different."

"Did you tell that to the poor girl who took her life because you had no further use for her?" I asked him.

And then, as he made no answer, I broke out feverishly:

"Oh, go, please go . . . I am sorry that I consented to see you after all. Someone may see you if you stay here. Please, as it's the last thing I shall ever ask of you, be magnanimous and go."

He turned his head slowly and looked at me. "Someone may see me if I stay here?" he echoed. "My dear girl, has it never occurred to you that this flat has been watched for the past ten days?"

"Watched?" I echoed the word vaguely.

"What do you mean?"

"Are you so innocent of all that a divorce means?" he asked detestably.

I walked past him and opened the door.

"You mean that my husband—has had me watched?" I asked faintly.

"Naturally—as any husband would have done in the circumstances."

I walked past him and opened the door.

"Please go," I said.

"Is that your last word?" he asked hoarsely.

"Yes—except that I hope some day you will be punished for all you have made me suffer—unbearably."

He stood for a moment, his hands twitching nervously, then, with a swift movement, he stretched past me and shut the door with a little bang, and when I swung round he put his arms about me, holding me imprisoned so that I could not move and hardly breathe, and he said:

"If you've any idea of going back to Jeffery Stafford, you can put it out of your mind at once. If you've any idea of going to him and throwing yourself on his mercy, I advise you not to try."

He waited, and when I did not answer or raise my eyes he said again:

"I saw him myself two days ago. He asked me to let him go to marry you—when the law had set him free. Set him free, mark you, not you! And when I did not answer at once—you never know what a man like that is driving at—he said . . ."

"Meg, open your eyes and see! For I had closed them with a sick feeling of hatred against the triumph of his face. He said—that he would pay me to take you off his hands! Do you hear? He said that he knew I had no money, and that if I would marry you—honestly—he would see that we had enough to live on—and in comfort. . . . Ah! that touches you, does it?" as I swayed heavily against him.

"So you see," he went on, speaking rapidly, "you cannot escape me after all. Perhaps it's a poor sort of love I have to offer you, but it's better than no love, Meg, and you're young, and all your life is before you, and if you send me away, some day when you are ill and alone . . ."

He bent lower towards me, so close that I could feel his breath on my cheek, and for a moment a sickening feeling of weakness swept through me. After all, it would be so much easier to give in to him, and take this poor thing called happiness which he offered me; so much easier to let everything go and drift with the tide. I felt myself to be physically incapable of fighting my way alone through the world, it was my spirit that was fainting now, and not my body. Crushed by all I had gone through for one wild moment I looked up into his eyes and laughed recklessly.

"Take what the good gods offer, and walk on? Is that it?" I asked, feebly. "Or is it the evil gods this time?" And then, as he tried to kiss my lips I made a last effort and dragged myself free. "Oh, go away—go away—go away!"

"Meg!"

I was clutching something in my hand unconsciously, and, looking down, I saw it was the red carnation I had picked up from the floor of the room where my brother had died.

AN INTERRUPTED FLIGHT.

I THINK that sobered me. . . . The flower, with its bruised petals and sweet fragrance, stood to me for so much that I had loved and—lost—and all through this man—and the hot blood came creeping back to my cheeks again, and my slow pulse began to quicken, and I cried out wildly, not knowing what I said. "Go away—before I kill you or myself . . . Go away! Go away!"

And I sank down on my knees, hiding my face, and I suppose he went away, for presently Mrs. Fryer came to me and knelt down beside me, and put her arms round me, and tried to comfort me.

But I would tell her nothing—I would have died rather than speak, even to her, of the crowning insult Jeffery had offered me. Paid to be taken off his hands—like a common chattel for which he had no further use!

Perhaps it was a sign of my madness that I believed it. Perhaps any woman would have believed it if she had suffered as I had suffered; if she had borne as much as I had borne.

I let Mrs. Fryer persuade me to go to bed, and I pretended to fall asleep, because I knew that until I did so she would never leave me, and it nearly drove me frantic to see her there sitting beside me so silently, watching me, as the man whom Jeffery had paid to shadow me watched out there in the darkness.

I don't know what time it was when she went away, but it must have been quite late, for out in the streets the traffic seemed to have stopped,

By **RUBY M. AYRES**



Meg Ross.

Then I felt the night air on my face, and knew they were all left behind me at last, and with a little gasp of relief I staggered forward to the open door, only to find it barred by a man's tall figure.

At first I thought it was just my imagination, and I put out my hands, expecting to find nothing more real than a dark shadow, but my fingers closed on the rough cloth of a man's coat—closed and clung there with a sense of appalling weakness.

I tried hard to concentrate my thoughts; tried hard to explain to myself what this meant; but it was some seconds before I could find any explanation at all. Then I said in a feeble little voice:—

"Oh, of course! You're the man on guard, the man who is not to watch me—to see that I don't run away—"

And a voice I knew, and to which every nerve in my worn-out body seemed to respond with a

"Dreams to Sell," a new and powerful serial, by Sidney Warwick, will commence in "The Daily Mirror" on Saturday next, January 31. Order your copy in advance.

thrill that was almost a physical pain, answered me:—

"Yes—I'm the man who is here to watch you—to see that you don't run away." It was my husband, Jeffery Stafford.

Another fine instalment will appear tomorrow.

TRIBUNAL RESIGNS.

Coventry Protest Against Ruling That 60 Per Cent. Profit Is "Fair."

Coventry Profiteering Committee have resigned en bloc on the ground that the Appeal Tribunal allowed traders coming before them 60 per cent. as a "fair profit."

Several speakers in the City Council yesterday declared the Act to be a farce and intended to divert the righteous wrath of the public from the persons responsible for the high cost of living.

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LADIES' BOUDOIR

WHAT IS BEING WORN.



SELF-CHECKED natella was the fascinating material of a smart tailor-made costume. The skirt was made plain and short, while the three-quarter length coat was gathered in to the waist by a narrow material belt and fastened high up to the neck with large bone buttons.

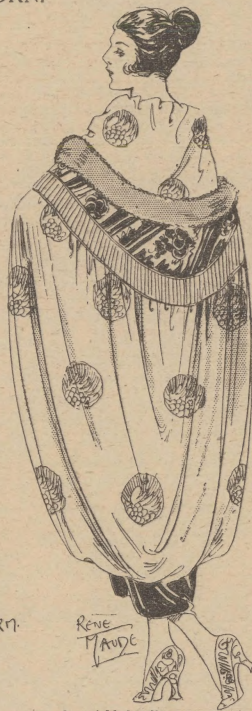
GOLDEN GAUZE

and brown paradise plumage made charming the headress of a theatre-goer the other evening. Her large ostrich feather fan of brown plumage to match was mounted in a jewelled mother-of-pearl handle.

SAPPHIRE SATIN

was the effective material of a softly-folded tea-gown. A blue chiffon tunic edged with bands of silver made it distinctly attractive.

MARJORIE.



Bands of monkey fur trim this pretty afternoon gown of tan-coloured duvetyne.

Silken apples and bows of green tulle adorn each side of this pretty lace boudoir cap.

A deep folded collar edged with ermine makes smart this barrel-shaped evening cloak of gold and black brocade.



UNCLE DICK'S LETTER.

Daily Mirror Office, Jan. 27.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

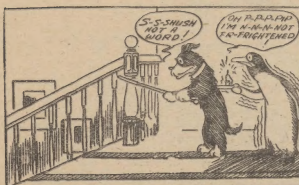
I have had another letter from Kenneth Scott, who lives at Peru. When it is dull and rainy here in London I like to imagine I am catching llamas or armadillos with Kenneth. As a matter of fact, we had just tracked down our second armadillo, amid scenes of tremendous excitement, when—ting! ting! went the telephone bell. Back to earth again! Well, well, it is a funny thing we are always wishing we were somewhere else, isn't it?

I dare say if I were in Peru I should long to be back in Fleet-street, and one never can be certain of an armadillo's temper—the blessed things might start hunting me! That would be a fine thing, wouldn't it?—Uncle Dick captured by a horde of armadillos in the Peruvian Mountains! Ugh! I don't think I'm so rightlily keen on Peru after all.

The other day a reader living in Central Africa wanted to know whether Pip and Squeak would visit them in the jungle, but I'm afraid we cannot spare such celebrated pets to go away. What do you say?

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.

MY PETS THOUGHT I WAS A BURGLAR.



I went to a fancy dress ball last night and was enjoying an early morning supper when—two funny little creatures peeped in at the door. My pets thought the burglars had got in.



No. 19.—Captured by Cannibals.

THE cannibals quickly saw that Ralph was wounded, and they rushed at the two boys with savage yells of triumph.

But their task was not so simple as they expected. Ralph was too weak to be of much use, but Jack fired two shots, each of which found a target, and then, using the butt end of his rifle as a club he set about him with all his might.

It was evident that the savages were cowards at heart, for, in spite of their vastly superior numbers, they would not venture too near. Time after time Jack heard an arrow whistle past him, and once a spear struck the ground just at his feet; but he seemed to bear a charmed life.

But slowly his strength was ebbing away, and he knew he could not hold out much longer.

After a short lull the savages made another dash, a huge six-foot giant with a horribly distorted face, leading them. Jack raised his rifle, but at that moment he felt a savage grip from behind.

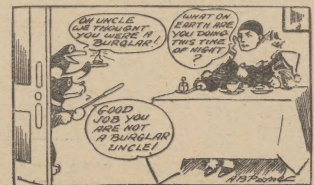
One of the cannibals had crept up in the rear and taken him by surprise, and before the boy could turn round he was hurled violently to the ground.

He was stunned by the fall, and before he could recover half a dozen of the savages had rushed up to him.

It was useless to struggle, and in a few moments he was tightly bound, while Ralph, in spite of his wound, shared the same fate.

The huge chief who had led the final charge looked down at the helpless captives and muttered something in a strange guttural language, while some of the other savages started one of their weird dances.

(To-morrow: A Painful Journey.)



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Street, London.

Daily Mirror

Wednesday, January 28, 1920.

AN AWKWARD PASSENGER.



Mr. J. Tyrwhitt Drake, who keeps a menagerie as a hobby, is lending his animals to the World's Fair, where he is living with them in a caravan. He is seen above taking one of his pets for an airing in his motorcar.

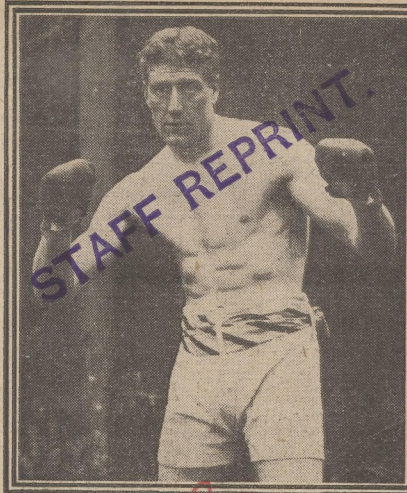


POST OFFICE ROBBERY.—The post office in Goswell-road, which was the scene of yet another "hold-up," by thieves, who took only notes, got clear away, but later a suspect was detained.



WEDDING.—Surgeon-Lieutenant W. F. Beattie, R.N., leaving Corpus Christi Church, Maiden-lane, with his bride after their marriage yesterday. The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dominick J. Daly, of Drumora, Cork.

WELLS SCORES ANOTHER "COME BACK" SUCCESS.

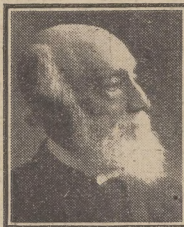


Bombardier Billy Wells.

"Bombardier" Wells is making a strenuous effort to win back his former laurels of the ring, and yesterday he scored another success by defeating Reeve in the fourth round at the Canterbury.



Harry Reeve.



The Very Rev. Wm. Mair, Moderator of the Church of Scotland, who has died at the age of ninety-nine. He was a notable figure in Scottish ecclesiastical life.



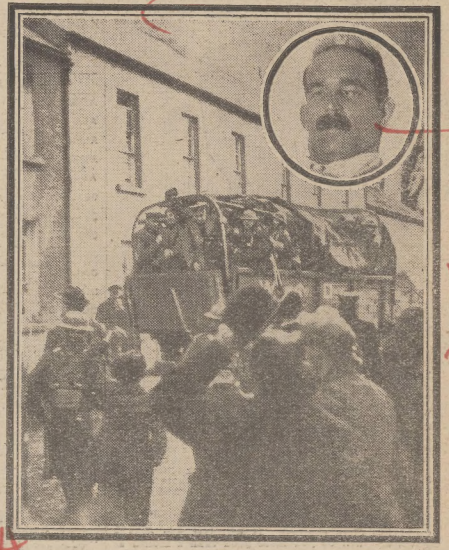
Miles McHugh, a plater's helper, aged thirty-one, remanded at Middlesbrough, charged with the wilful murder of William James Carrington.



A lorry load of prisoners after the attack. Inset is Constable Malynn who is lying seriously wounded.



LIBEL ACTION DISMISSED.—Lord Alfred Douglas leaving the Mansion House Police Court yesterday after a summons against him for alleged libel had been dismissed. The prosecutor was Mr. Henry Savage, whose portrait is inset above.



The lorry departs. Inset, Constable MacParlan. **IRISH POLICEMEN SHOT.**—Two constables, Malynn and MacParlan, were severely injured in a recent attack on the barracks at Balinglass (Co. Wicklow). Seven arrests were made.